Family Scars

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Family Scars

by ViiKalii

Summary

Glam feels like shit after Dee's guitar lesson, he's terrified of becoming Gustav. He wants to be better, he promised himself he would be better.

But can he break the cycle?

Maybe it's time for Glam to talk about his past with his family.

Notes

I was looking for a specific feeling and couldn't find it so, I was like "fine, I'll do it myself." And here it is! My own Metal Family fic, hope you like it :)

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The night after Dee's guitar lesson, Glam was laying in bed, not being able to sleep, just staring at the ceiling... it wasn't uncommon really, his insomnia often keep him awake but, this time something felt different.

Had he made a mistake today? With Dee?

A wave of anger had come over him then, it burned his throat as he tried to swallow it down.

"Today you realize just how talentless of a musician you are."

"Difficulties already? Doesn't even know a simple note."

"Sound's not clean."

"And show everyone you're a nobody guitarist? Shaming yourself?! Shaming me!"

"Not clean."

"Don't you have any talent at all?!"

It wasn't his intention to be cruel, but he had been—hadn't he? Just like him, the same fucking words. Shame settled on top of him, weighing him down, he couldn't have moved if he wanted to.

"I did try to warn you that you have no musical talent."

After all this years was he still just his father's son? Little Sebastian Shvagenbagen hiding behind a guitar and eyeliner?

"Shaming yourself?! Shaming me!"

He couldn't sleep at all that night.

Glam apologised to Dee as soon as his son woke up. But the bad feeling didn't go away.

Dee said it was fine, that they were good, but Glam didn't felt good at all.

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"Glam!" Victoria called him.

He was sitting down at the edge of the bed, rubbing his scarred wrist, his eyes not really looking at anything. He was lost in his thoughts and actually flinched when Victoria grabbed his shoulder.

"Snap out of it Glam, I've been calling you for forever!" His wife said annoyed and she seemed like she was going to punch him but stopped and sighed when she took a good look at him. "Glam... are you okay?" She asked.

"Yes, fine," he said in what seemed to be his usual tone, a tense smile stretching his lips. "Sorry, what did you wanted to tell me dear?" Glam asked.

Yeah right.

"Glam..." Victoria said looking at his hand still nervously rubbing his scars and then back at his face, "You've been like this since that guitar lesson with Dee, I thought you two were fine?"

"We... are" he said, his smile twitching.

Victoria just looked at him with her trademark *'cut the bullshit'* face. Glam let his head fall and covered his face with his hands, he looked so tired and defeated, it was so strange to see him like that.

Vic sat down next to her husband and waited, she wasn't good with words and... feelings, but damn her if she couldn't be there for Glam when he needed her.

"I, I don't want to be like him Vic," he said against his hands, his voice breaking a little bit "I don't want to."

"Be like him?" She asked confused "Who?"

He looked up and shook his head, his eyes were glossed over with tears fighting to get out, "I don't, don't want to be like him, I can't..." his hands were shaking and his breathing was becoming erratic, he must be hyperventilating, or having a panic attack? "Vic..." he looked at her with scared, pleading eyes.

"Shit," she cursed looking the state he was in, "What the hell are you talking about Glam?" Vic asked desperate because she didn't knew how to help her fucking husband.

"I don't want to be like him," Glam repeated while tears finally started to roll down his face, "I'm not him, I'm not! I don't want to..."

"You're not" Victoria said holding him by the shoulders, even tho she didn't knew what the fuck they were talking about "You hear me? You're nothing like him Glam."

Victoria hugged him while he cried, she didn't knew it, but her strong arms were the only thing holding all of his broken pieces together.

They both stayed awake that night, Vic held him for a long time even after he calmed down, and then Glam finally told her how he had gotten his scars. He told her all about the Shvagenbagen family.

A part of him was afraid that Victoria would mock him, that she would think he was as weak and pathetic as he felt right now, but she stayed surprisingly quiet while he talked.

And after he was finished, she held him by the wrists, took a deep breath in... and headbutted him.

"Ow!" He complained and tried to rub his sored forehead but Vic didn't let go of his wrists.

"You are *not* like him" she told him emphasizing every word "You're a *good* dad, you're a *good* husband... you're a good fucking person damn it!" Victoria said feeling angry on his behalf.

She wanted to kick some Shvagenbagen ass.

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Victoria was about to leave the house when she saw her eldest son sitting on the couch, reading a book, his usual sulkin expression plastered on his face. He looked so much like Glam... things were "fine" between them right?

Except Glam hadn't been fine at all.

Ugh... fuck it.

"I know I don't usually do this shit" she said with her hands on her hips "and I know teenagers usually hate their parents anyway but... try not to be too hard on your dad?" Vic said.

"What?" Dee asked arching a brow, with a very teenage judgy face, he couldn't believe his mother was intervening, it wasn't her style at all.

"I mean, he did react badly and he is a freaking psycho about music but he carries a lot of shit you don't know about," Victoria sighed, "not making excuses for him!" She said raising her hands.

"Really?" Dee asked bored, "because that sounded a lot like you making excuses for him..." he put down his book and crossed his arms, looking at his mother with silent defiance, making her growl.

"That's still between you and him ok?" She said rolling her eyes "Just... don't assume what's going thru his head yeah? That's all I wanted to say." She said before walking out of the house.

She kind of regretted saying anything at all but what's done it's done so, whatever.

At first Dee was like great, now his mother was getting involved and of course she was taking his father's side. But then he noticed that she didn't said anything more about it and stayed out of any Dee-Glam drama.

So, maybe she wasn't intervening after all. It was weird, everything had been freaking weird. He wanted to dismiss his mom's words, it was probably just her defending his dad right? But it all left him feeling uneasy.

Dee was still mad at his dad and kind of mad at Heavy too, for being so naturally talented with the stupid guitar and the stupid notes... and honestly? He was jelous and hurt and he wanted to be all nonchalant and unbothered but everytime he remembered what his dad had said he felt so *angry*.

What was the big deal about music anyway? It was stupid.

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Then one day, Glam and Victoria were getting dressed too nicely, like black tie and shit, wich was totally strange.

"What's going on?" Heavy asked "Did we woke up in another dimension? No, wait! They're monster aliens passing up as mom and dad!"

"Oh yeah, maybe I'm a monster!" Victoria said making scary faces and running after Heavy, they were both laughing "Raah! I'm gonna eat you!"

"So, what's up?" Dee asked "You never dress like this."

Glam was quieter than usual, stiff, still with that permanent grin on his face but looking especially creepy (more than usual) and he was kind of out of it like he was just going thru the motions but his mind was somewhere else.

Since it didn't look like Glam was going to answer, or talk, or blink... Victoria calmly informed the kids that she was acompanying his dad to their grandfather funeral and will hearing (like it wasn't a big deal and also the first time they heard about this granfather that they assumed was already dead).

So the kids (justifiably) freak out.

Heavy was making like a million questions, Dee was trying to conect the dots with the vague answers of their mom because his dad was like, not even being a part of the conversation...

"We have a grandfather?" Heavy asked.

"Of course kiddo, everyone has two." Their mom said ruffling the little one's red hair.

"But we thought he was already dead." Dee said crossing his arms.

"Now he is." Victoria said plainly.

"How come we never met him?" Heavy asked pulling his mom's arm.

"A shit ton of past drama kid. *You don't wanna know.*" She said mumbling the last part so they couldn't hear her.

"What drama? What happened?" The youngest asked, his eyes were big and sparkling with curiosity.

"I said a shit ton of drama, *period*." Victoria said firmly while shaking the kid off her arm, trying to put an end to the conversation. But Heavy was strongly held to her and he was still curious.

"What happened to him?" Dee asked watching the shenanigans of his mom and his little brother, he watched them with little amusement since their crazyness was a regular sight on their house.

"Died." Victoria said shaking her arm more roughly so Heavy finally let go of her, but he kept asking questions.

"What was his name?" He asked smiling and bouncing.

"Gustav." His mom said grumbling while she sat down to put on some heels.

"Do we have a secret grandma too?" Heavy asked.

"She's dead." His mom told him.

"Why didn't dad told us about them?" Dee asked frowning.

"Dunno," his mom sighed and got up, she was ready to go, "they were shitty parents so they would probably have been shitty grandparents too..."

"Are your parents secretly alive?" Heavy asked her.

"No kid, dead and buried." She said.

"Can we go to the funeral?" Heavy asked holding his hands together and making his cute, puppy-like face.

"Heavy, *I* don't want to go but I *have to* be there for your dad." Their mom said.

"But I *want* to go." He said, pleading.

"You *don't*... believe me, it will be boring as fuck." Victoria said rolling her eyes.

"But you said there was a shit ton of drama." Heavy complained.

"Before, but not *now*" his mother said.

"What's a will?" Heavy asked changing the direction of his questioning.

"Old people leave a will saying what they want people to do with their stuff after they die" Victoria explained.

"What does granpa wants us to do with his stuff?" Heavy asked, imagining what kind of stuff the mysterious granpa Gustav might have left behind.

"Don't knooow kid, that's why we're going" Victoria was saying when someone knocked on the door.

It was a woman who looked strangely too much like their dad, Victoria even confused them at first, believing Glam had put on a dress too.

They learned that the woman was actually Glam's sister, Lydia Shvagenbagen.

"We have an aunt too?!" Heavy asked excited, "Wait, is uncle Ches going too?"

"Ches is not your father's brother, at least not by blood, but they're really close friends, that's why he's like an uncle" his mom explained him.

Lydia didn't payed much attention to them, just said she would be wainting in the car (that was a lymo by the way). And they all left.

Leaving the kids with even more questions about their paternal family.

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Their dad was serious and quiet when they came back, their mom was saying something about how "it would have been sweet to have a mansion or like a yatch or something" and Dee confirmed his suspicions... his grandfather had been freaking *rich* and his dad somehow had become the outcast of the family.

(Dee wasn't surprised about that tho, his father was kind of a psycho) but he was still curious about how everything had happened for him to get so distanced with his family. He himself sometimes wanted nothing to do with Glam but, getting married, having kids and don't be involved *at all* in each other lives?

That wasn't normal right?

He suddenly remembered the weird conversation from days ago when his mom told him not to be too hard on his dad because he was dealing with a lot of past shit, did that had anything to do with this? Dee wasn't normally nosey, he didn't liked to prick in other people business - unless to get any tactical benefit... sometimes- but he was itching with curiosity and after all, this was about his own family.

About a side of his family he didn't even knew existed.

It was obvious that his mother didn't knew the whole picture of what had happened, maybe she didn't even cared, but Dee thought that it was still worth the chance to ask her.

"Did you knew about grandpa Gustav?" Dee asked his mom while she was working on a bike at the garage.

"I knew he existed and that he was shitty if that's what you mean" she said distractedly while she worked.

"Did you ever met him?" He asked "You know, while he was alive."

"Nope"

"So... do you know what happened betweem him and dad?" Dee asked before his mom would stop answering, too focused on the mechanic problem in front of her.

But she actually stopped what she was doing and turned to look him in the eye. "It's none of my business Dee, nor yours." She warned him.

"But he's my grandpa... was," Dee insisted, "and I don't know anything about him."

"You want to know about him?" Victoria asked, going back to work "He, and your dad, and his sister... and you, all look alike -it's a little freaky-, he was a rich asshole and a shitty dad, your dad got out of his house, went to live with your uncle Ches and he was told to never bother coming back... so he didn't, end of story."

"I could have figured that out." Dee said almost groaning.

"Well then why didn't you *smartass*?" Victoria asked smiling teasingly.

"I was expecting more details..." he said.

"Shit out of luck then kid." She said before turning up the music on her phone and fully focusing on her job, putting an end to the conversation.

So... his mom and dad had obviously met when he was already a family outcast so... Dee had to visit uncle Ches now, he was the only one who knew his dad from this mysterious "before".

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It wasn't weird for the kids to show up unanounced in Ches's shop so he just smiled when he saw the grumpy blonde coming in. "Hey kid, whatsupp?" He said as greeting.

"I have some... concerns," Dee said oozing teenage angst, "and I wanted to know if you could help me."

"Always Dee," Ches said with an easy smile spreading on his face as he put down the cigarette he had been smoking, "what can I do for ya? Are you allright?" He asked.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine; it's just *dad*..." Dee said rolling his eyes and leaning against the counter.

"Is he being a pain in the ass?" Ches asked chuckling.

"I mean... always" Dee said smiling lightly, "but that's not why I'm here; uncle Ches... did you knew we had an aunt? And that our granfather was still alive?" He asked.

"*Ah*," Ches sighed "so you found out about the rich pricks."

"Something like that," Dee said moving his hand, "granpa Gustav passed away and aunt Lydia came to the house... it was weird as fuck"

"Yeah, I bet" Ches said nodding his head.

"So... you obviously knew, can you tell me about them?" Dee asked him.

"Why aren't ya asking your dad bout this?" Ches asked crossing his arms, a suspicious look in his eyes.

"Because he's being all weird about it..." Dee said protesting, making Ches smirk and look at him raising a brow *'Glam's always weird'* his expression said. Dee rolled his eyes and smiled. "*more* than normal, and I'd like to have an idea of what's going on before I try to talk to him."

"Mmm... I hear ya," Ches said " but I still think you should just ask him tho, although..." he said looking at the roof and sighed, "I know him, and he's probably not gonna tell ya much, he's the kind to bury stuff" Ches looked back at Dee, he was clearly debating something on his mind, "Agh, what do ya wanna know exactly?"

"You know why he got cut off? What happened?" Dee asked eagerly.

"Yeah... yeah I know, don't know if *I* should be the one to tell you" Ches said scratching his chin.

"You could tell me your version of things... I mean you were there right? Kind of, you can tell me about mostly you back then" Dee said trying to convince him.

"Fuck it all right." Ches said shaking on his seat "So listen kid, I was a poor scrawny teenager, who *loved* music and I went to try and get into The Conservatory of Music"

"*You?* At The Conservatory?" Dee asked incredulously, Ches was definitely not the kind of person you imagined going to that sort of place.

"Yeah, they give a scholarship to the first place out of the trials, so I went *and I won*," Ches said smiling, looking satisfied and proud, "there's where I met your dad, he was a rich snob then, with his hair all back with gel and always wearing black suits and ties..."

"Wait, *really*?" Dee smiled, it was very hard to imagine his dad as a snob kid, didn't sound like him at all.

"Yeah, he was so uptied it was like he had a stick up his ass, but anyways... I met him there, he losed his shit when he and his violin got second place after me and my guitar..." Ches told him, smiling fondly at the memories.

"He wasn't playing guitar too?" Dee asked surprised, he thought his dad had always been obsessed with cool guitars.

"He didn't even *knew* how to play guitar before he met *me* kid," Ches said smiling, "but shut up, I'm telling a story." He said lightly chastising the kid.

"Right, sorry" Dee said putting a hand over his mouth.

"So anyways, I started talking to him at class and I lend him one of my classical music records, but it turned out that the vinyl inside wasn't actually Bach... it was Twisted Sister!" Ches laughed, "and he freaking loved it! So we started hanging out more, I taught him guitar, and he got freaking good at it, we started a band..."

Ches smiled sadly and stayed silent for a few seconds, thinking about the so called 'glory days', it had been a while now... damn, he had been at his best but also at his lowest point back then. And Glam had been by his side through all of it.

"Your dad would sneak out of his house every night to practice and play with us and then he went back before sunrise, pretty soon he started to have those freaky eyes for barely sleeping, if at all, but then one day his dad found out and he went *berserker*..." Ches told Dee, the atmosphere turned serious and tense. "I wasn't there when it all happened but, eventually your dad ended up knocking at my place, soaking wet for walking under the rain and looking... miserable, he stayed with me from then on."

"Did he told you what happened?" Dee asked biting his nails.

"You're smart Dee" Ches said arching an eyebrow and lighting another cigarette, "you can figure it out..."

"C'mon uncle Ches!" Dee said groaning and pulling at his hair.

"Allright, allright..." Ches said rolling his eyes, shaking his hand to stop Dee from saying anything else, "Gustav told him to get back on track, to forget about the band, forget about that "trashy music" -you know, all that stuff- to behave like he was *'supposed to'*." Ches said making air quotes.

"So dad's basically a disney princess" Dee said smirking.

"You're a sarcastic little shit," Ches told him, lightly smacking the back of the teenager's head, but he couldn't help to chuckle too, "I ain't telling you anything else" He said.

"Okay so, dad *obviously* told granpa to go to hell" Dee said smiling, he would never admit it but that made him respect his dad some more.

"Something like that" Ches agreed rolling his eyes.

He was smiling, but Dee knew him, and he seemed troubled. But why? Like, what else could've happened that was so bad?

"Did something else happened?" Dee asked.

"Things were said... the old man told your dad that he had picked trash over his own family and that now he was also trash so he could never go back."

"... that's kind of exagerated for just some metal" Dee said.

"Yeah well, that man was... just shitty" Ches said shrugging.

"Yeah... I keep hearing that, can't help to think that there's more to it tho..." Dee said, the gears in his head turning, but he didn't liked any of the things he was thinking.

"Not my place to tell kid" Chase said sadly, he knew of some of Glam's demons, but it was his friend's choice wether he wanted to share them with his sons or not.

"I know..." Dee said with a sad, barely there smile "thank you uncle Ches, I'll talk to dad" he assured him.

"Allright kid... good luck" Ches said as a goodbye.

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When Dee went back home he was surprised to see that his aunt Lydia was at the door, and apparently there was no one home so Dee let her in.

She looked at him slowly from head to toe "You look a lot like him..." Lydia said "with curlyer hair, have you thought about cutting it? You know... more elegantly? She asked.

"*I know*," Dee said trying not to roll his eyes, it got tiring when everybody told him the *same* thing, "and no, I like my hair as it is."

Lydia noticed the acustic guitar by the couch "Do you play that thing too?" She asked arching one of her thin and perfectly defined eyebrows.

"Not really," Dee said, sighing "I'm very much like my dad in a lot of things, but musical talent it's *not* one of them. I tried but I suck at it, dad told me I was just *shaming him*"

Dee's intention was to make a, maybe not so good, self-deprecating joke, but Lydia suddenly looked at his wrists, her eyes zeroing on his bracelets and she seemed... quite anxious.

"That..." she swallowed and pointed at his bracelets, "take them, could you? Take them off?" Lydia said almost stuttering.

"My bracelets? Why?" Dee asked annoyed, he thought this was about Lydia disliking his alternative style, a lot of grown-ups criticized him and Heavy for it.

But he had no idea of what was truly going through Lydia's mind.

"Take them off," she said getting a little desperate, "just... take them off *please*."

Dee didn't knew what was going on but his aunt looked *frantic* so he took the cuffs out and then she grabbed his hands looking at his wrists turning his arm this way and the other, looking for something that she didn't found and then she exhaled, still trembling a little but finally let him go.

"He's not like him..." Lydia said taking one hand to her chest, feeling her own heartbeat and sighing, her eyes weren't focused on Dee anymore, she was still in front of him but her eyes looked like she was somewhere else, "he's not like him... I'm glad" she said looking down and smiling sadly.

Dee had a very bad feeling in the pitch of his stomach.

"He's not like... granpa Gustav?" He asked her carefully.

Lydia turned to look at him a little startled, as if she had forgotten his presence. "What he told you, about *shaming him*" she said, "it sounded a lot like what our dad used to tell us growing up. Music is... is *important* to us, the Shvagenbagen" she said standing a little straighter "it was never just *a hobby*, we take practicing and honeying our skills very seriously... but our dad never settled just for words when chastising us." She said and grimaced.

"What did he do?" Dee asked in a tone so low he was almost whispering.

"Well, reprimand us of course, mostly Sebastian..." Lydia admitted, "our father was a very perfectionist man, he expected nothing short from *the best* at all times..." she said smoothing over a nonexistent wrinkle off her dress.

She looked nervous.

"I, I'm here because... I hated my brother for so long, because once he was gone our father turned all his rage on me like he haven't before..." she said avoiding Dee's eyes, "I blamed Sebastian for a long time but, it wasn't his fault, and althought I resented him I also understood why he left..." she said sadly.

They both stood there akwardly, one in front of the other, not really knowing how to carry on with their interaction.

She hadn't said it but, granpa Gustav... really hurt them, didn't he?

Dee swallowed nervously while he put back on his black studded bracelets, he wasn't so sure that he wanted to know the Shvagenbagen mysteries anymore.

Finally Lydia sighed and looked back at Dee, "Sebastian doesn't wear those wrist bands just for his wrong sense of fashion, you know? Have you ever seen him without them?" She asked the boy.

No, he hadn't. He always wore them, *always*.

"I haven't seen his arm in years," Lydia said hugging herself, "but I used to help him cure the wounds our father caused him. I'm sure the scars still remain, just like mine."

Dee was stunt silent. For a second, all he could hear was the sound of his breathing, the rapid beat of his heart.

Then the door opened.

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"*Lydia?* What are you doing here?" Glam asked, he wasn't sure if he could believe what he was seeing, his sister was the last person on earth that he expected to see on this house.

He turned to look at Dee questoningly, but he just shook his head in a negative motion.

"Sebastian..." Lydia said taking a step forward, "I, I wanted to talk to you"

Glam sighed, "You got everything you wanted out of the will Lydia, *everything you stayed for*, what do you want to talk about?" He asked.

Glam didn't wanted to talk to her, but there was something in her eyes when he looked at her -a certain pain- that made him soften. So they went to talk to Glam's studio, leaving a shocked Dee alone with his thoughts.

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Dee's an intelligent boy, above average even, but any idiot could see that his dad was going through a lot right now, so he doesn't say anything about what aun Lydia told him.

But then one morning he notices that his dad has been crying, his eyes looked just as freaky but... redder and he looks tired. Glam was still on his pijamas, making coffee, a little hunched over, his permanent smile nowhere to be seen.

"Are you okay dad?" Dee asked. He didn't felt capable of 'looking the other way' anymore.

"Yes Dee, I'm fine, don't worry" he answered and smiled to him.

"...I know it's probably been a lot with granpa's funeral and aunt Lydia coming back into your life but, do you think we could talk?" The boy asked fidgeting with his hands.

"About what son?" Glam asked trying to recover his cheerful vibe.

"About you, your life before, when you were 'Sebastian'?" He said.

His father tensed and sighed.

"... I'd rather not Dee, there were a lot of unpleasant things that are just not worth bringing over" Glam said.

"I get that... I think" Dee hesitated, "but I think it would also help me to understand you better, you know? To know where you're coming from... like when uncle Chase explained us why he struggled with drugs so much..." Dee said.

"I get why you could think that but you're wrong Dee" Glam said turning to look at his son, "who I was then it's not the same person I am now, at all... nothing about me it's the same as it was back then and I'm glad."

Dee felt like this was kind of getting out of hand so he took a step back. "Okay," he said not really convinced, "I just thought that somethings stay stuck with us wether we want to or not... *like scars*."

His dad turned very serious, the already tense atmosphere went colder. Glam took a deep breath in, exhaled, and started getting off his black studded bracelets. He left them on the counter and showed Dee his scarred wrist.

"Every time I did something wrong my father would tell me to pull up my sleeve and show him my wrist; he then would procede to hit me with a ruler until I bled or he deemed the punishment sufficient," Glam said looking at his scars, "He made me practice violin for hours every day, until my fingers bled, until I could play the classical pieces perfectly... but I was rarely perfect, so he would hit me with the ruler... he did it so often that sometimes my skin didn't have enough time to heal, so he would reopen my wounds over and over again, so much so that I still have the scars" Glam said putting a hand over them.

Dee was stunted, he didn't knew what to say, his dad was looking at him an talking about what happened so clynically it was like he was talking about something that happened to someone else and not himself.

"I get why you were so mad about Heavy's natural talent with music, *I* used to feel that way about Ches" Glam smiled, remembering how frustrated he had felt, "but music was never just a hobby to me nor something I could take lightly; music, practicing, perfecting my technic was *my whole life,* music was the *only* good thing in my life back then, music helped me get thru when I got out of that house, music got me on stages, music put a roof over my head, music was my hell and my saveheaven so... is that all you wanted to know?" Glam asked his son.

"I'm sorry dad" Dee said grimacing. There wasn't anything else that could be said...

"It happened long before you were born Dee, it wasn't your fault" Glam told him, putting a hand over his son's shoulder.

"Still... it sucks that that happened to you" Dee said.

"Yeah... and I am aware I was harsh with you when you wanted to learn to play the guitar... Lydia told me you talked to her about it and that she was relieved when she knew I didn't..." Glam stuttered, "hit you... but the way I reacted it was still... not ideal, and *I am sorry* for that," his eyes glossed over, "I always knew I didn't wanted to be like my father, I promised myself I would be different, I would be *better*, a good husband, a good dad... and *I'm trying* Dee I *really* am." Glam said.

Dee couldn't help to hug his dad, his arms going completly around his skinny figure.

"I thought you were past physical affection towards your progenitors..." Glam said with a soft smile, putting a hand on top of his child's head that was still quite below his own in hight.

"Ugh, you're *so* anoying dad" Dee said groaning and rolling his eyes, "and like super weird and intense but, I wouldn't have it any other way... *you're a good dad*" he said hugging him tighter.

"*...thank you* Dee." Glam said hugging him back.

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Dee could understand his dad a little better now, he knew where he was coming from, he knew how far away he had gotten from the abusive cycle of his family and that he still tried to get further away from it everyday.

Dee understood now why music would *never* be just a hobby in this house.

And despite the fact that Glam and Dee still bumped heads a lot... Dee was greatfull for having him, because no matter how mad he could be with his dad, he *always* knew that he *loved* him and Heavy.

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Chapter 2: Lydia

Chapter Summary

This is part of the conversation that goes on between Lydia and Glam at his studio

Chapter Notes

Hope you like it!! 🫶🏽

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"*Lydia?* What are you doing here?" Glam asked, he wasn't sure if he could believe what he was seeing, his sister was the last person on earth that he expected to see on his house.

"Sebastian..." Lydia said taking a step forward, "I, I wanted to talk to you"

Glam sighed, "You got everything you wanted out of the will Lydia, *everything you stayed for*, what do you want to talk about?" He asked.

Glam didn't wanted to talk to her, but there was something in her eyes when he looked at her -*a certain pain*- that made him soften. So they went to talk to Glam's studio.

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He was waiting for her to begin, she was fidgeting, and visibly nervous but SHE came to his house and *she* was the one who wanted to talk, it might be petty but he didn't felt like doing it any easier for her

"I, I don't know how to apologise Sebastian..."

Apologise.

Something he never thought they'll do.

The air left his lungs

"Apologise," Glam said grimacing, "what for Lydia?" He asked, still not sure what this was truly about, still not sure if he could trust her, if he could believe her apparently good intentions.

"*Everything*," she said wringing her hands together, "I should, I should have done so many things differently," she said stumbling with her words, unshed tears making her eyes all shiny, "I was a terrible sister."

"What's done is done Lydia," Glam told her sadly, "there's nothing we can do about it, but you weren't *that* bad..." he said remembering the brief but good moments they shared; the exasperated glances when their dad wasn't looking, the complicit smiles, the gentle care with wich she tended his wounds.

Unfortunately, they shared more pain than joy; the same despair, the same anger, the same sadness, and they both felt betrayed on their own way.

Lydia scoffed, she couldn't believe Sebastian was still defending her, even if just a little; *'you weren't that bad'* after everything she had done and said... but her brother had always been sensitive, too kind; something their father mistook for weakness, but it wasn't. Lydia knew that now.

"I should have listened to you when you asked me to join you, I should have left" she said tiredly.

She could have, he had practically begged her to do it. But she didn't.

Glam shook his head, he refused to waste time thinking over and over about what could have been, it was useless. It was like what he had told Victoria in that park many years ago; the past was gone, no sense talking about it.

Except that he had realized recently that if you hide your scars, that doesn't necesarily means that they'll heal, or that they'll stop hurting; that maybe sometimes you have to bleed and cry, no matter how much it hurts, but you have to let out the pain or else it can choke you.

Glam thought he had let the past behind, but it was both figuratively and literally chasing him.

"Everything was so fucked up growing up, it took me a *long* time to realize that it could be different, that it should be different," Lydia said, "I thought I was being strong but, I was being just like him. I woke up one day and it *disgusted* me to realize I was *exactly* like Gustav Shvagenbagen." Lydia said breathing agitatedly, rogue tears finally rolling down her cheeks.

Just like him.

Vile thoughts came to Glam's mind for a second; angry, venomous words tried to get out of his mouth; words that he knew would hurt Lydia. Some were things that he had really thought when everything had happened all those years ago, when he had felt hurt and betrayed and abandoned, when his pain was fresh, and he was filled with red hot anger that... he didn't felt anymore.

Now there was just cold emptiness and sadness.

He sighed. "If it makes you feel any better... It can be different Lydia, I see it every day," Glam said smiling while he thought about his strange but loving family, "and I must confess that sometimes... I'm like him too, but I'm working on it."

Lydia's heart raced, she didn't knew what to expect when she came here, but she was feeling something now that she rarely felt in her life; she was feeling *hopeful*.

"I know I was a bitch at the funeral," she admitted with a pained expression, "part of me has been *so mad* at you for years, I resented you for leaving, for being free of him." Lydia said

A part of Glam had been mad at her too, mad at Lydia, mad at their mother for not standing up for any of them, not even herself...

"I always knew he was a horrible man, we all did," Lydia told him looking away, to ashamed to meet his eyes, "but I never realized the extent of what he could do until you left, until I was the only one left on the other side of his anger... and I'm *so sorry* Sebastian"

"Lydia..." Glam said in a pained, hushed voice. He had tried very hard over the years to not think about the bruises he saw on her sister's skin the last time he saw her, about what might happen to her. He had been mad at her for not leaving, for not doing something, but that didn't meant he wanted her to suffer.

Gustav had ruined his childhood and tainted part of his youth; his angry words sometimes still remained in the back of his head, haunting him; but Glam had break free of his chains, he had made a life of his own. Lydia had chosen to stay in Shvagenbagen hell.

"*I'm sorry Sebastian!* I *knew*! I knew that he hitted you. I knew of his impossible, always growing demands," she cried, "but I didn't realised that he was being softer on me all those years, *because I was a girl!!*" She said rolling her eyes and gesturing angrily with her hands, "because *all* he expected of me was to be a proper lady to marry me off on the first opportunity... but he stopped holding back after you left, and I blamed you, I thought it all was because of the anger that your leaving caused him, but that's how he always was to you, wasn't he?" She asked him.

"Yeah... he never meassured us with the same standards" he admitted.

"Although he did hit us with the same ruler..." Lydia said trying to make a joke, her sense of humor had always been on the darker side.

Glam scoffed and a corner of his mouth went slightly up, similing despite the terrible subject of their conversation, "he was always a man of traditions" he said matching Lydias tone, "but we can leave them behind."

"It took me an emabarrassing amount of time to understand and accept that *none* of what happened to me was your fault, it was only his... and mine, I made my choices." Lydia sighed, wiping away her tears with a slightly shaking hand.

"We both did," Glam said offering her a tissue, kicking himself for not doing it before, "but at least now you're like filthy rich right?" He asked in a teasing tone, arching a brow and hoping to lighten the mood.

"Shut up," she complained smiling and they both laughed. "I know that we were never that close..." she said tentatively "but I would really like to get to know my brother, and to be a family, for real this time" she said holding onto her seat, her heart beating rapidly against her chest.

She was so hopeful that if her brother said no, she knew her new found spirit would be even more wounded than it already was, she might just drop dead on the spot.

"I'm quite different..." he warned her, "Sebastian exists only on paper now Lydia, I go by Glam now"

"Okay..." she said not being sure if that was the start of a yes or a no, "I can understand that"

Glam thought about what was he going to say next, he thought about the family he already had, the family he had built; he wondered if Lydia could fit in it at all. He wasn't sure, but he wanted to find out. Glam took a deep breath in, and then exhaled.

"Okay Lydia" he said nodding, "let's try it"

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"Was it ever better?" He asked after they talked for a while "I don't regret my choices -*at all*- but, sometimes I wonder if there was any other way, if it could have been easier..."

"Well, he only got angrier and colder over time, if you can believe it," she smiled despite everything, "but eventually he was old enough to be easy to ignore, all his hatred ended up making him sick and weak. But, no, I wouldn't say it was better" Lydia said.

"I'm sorry" Glam said grimacing, regretting that he asked.

"It's not your fault that I was stupid and greedy and too coward to leave" she said waving her hand like she could shake off the bad memories.

"You're not stupid, you never were."

"I appreciate the sentiment but believe me *Glam*," she said still getting used to the new name, "I *was* stupid, stupid enough to get engaged with the rich asshole that he picked out for me"

"*Lydia!*" He said, his eyes big with surprise "you didn't..."

"I did" she said sounding embarrassed but amused, it hadn't been easy, but now she was able to laugh about it.

"You're married?" He asked "I don't remember seeing your husband at the funeral but I was kind of out of it"

"I'm a widow" Lydia said shrugging.

"Did you killed him?" Glam asked with a serious tone but a teasing look in his eyes, trying to supress a smile.

"*I did not!*" She protested, "he had an accident"

"You *totally* killed him" he said jokingly, a chuckle breaking through his serious facade.

"*I wish*," Lydia said laughing, "actually he... overdosed," she said, her laughter dying down, "but the official report was that he had a heart attack, you can imagine the scandal that the truth would have caused..." she said rolling her eyes, "not that I particularly cared, he was an idiot and a brute, not so different from our dad"

"I'm sorry" he said honestly; he didn't knew Lydia's husband, but he knew people who struggled with addictions, like Ches, he knew what it did to them, to the people around them; but Ches had always been a good man at heart, and according to Lydia, her husband wasn't.

"It *sucked*," she said and sighed tiredly, "but it was just me dealing with the consequences of my choices... I told you I was stupid." She said with a smirk.

"Okay, yeah, you totally were Lydia, what the hell?" Glam asked her teasingly, making her chuckle.

"I didn't felt sad when he died, you know?" She told him, "I was so... relieved, I felt that way when dad died too, like a weight over my shoulders had finally vanished and I could just *breath*" Lydia said looking at her hands, she was afraid of finding judgement in her brother's eyes.

"Now you're finally free" he said smiling softly.

Lydia looked up and sighed relieved "Yeah," she smiled, a couple tears falling from her eyes that she hurriedly wiped off, "I am."

She was excited for this new chapter of her life.

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Eventually Lydia meets Chase, it's hard for her to look past his disheveled exterior but she finds out he's actually quite smart and very musicaly talented, wich she respects.

She still thinks Victoria is a beast and that she has no manners but she respects her streght and lowkey admires her for being a strong, independent woman who takes no shit from anyone; she still wishes she was a little more femenine tho but to everyones surprise they get a long quite well.

Lydia's a little anxious when she meets Dee and Heavy, I mean she already knew them, as in, she saw them that one time and briefly talked to Dee that other in time in wich she implied she was afraid that Glam hurt him... but yeah, she didn't really spend time with kids (at all) not since she was one as well, Dee is very mature (or he tries to pretend that), he's a very smart boy and he seems to be the least explosive/loud out of the family, she likes that, it reminds her of her, and Heavy is... well, a lot but he's lovely in his own way... almost like a puppy but she doesn't say that to his parents...

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Chapter End Notes

It's a little angsty but not entirely heavy, I imagine that Lydia and Glam have a dry and dark sense of humor and I tried to portray that

Kudos and comments are greatly appreciated 🤞✨

End Notes

Comments and kudos are greatly appreciated :)

Also, I'm thinking about posting an extra chapter about Glam's and Lydia's conversation, is that something that would interest you?

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